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HILARIOUS
MONSTER
ISSUE!

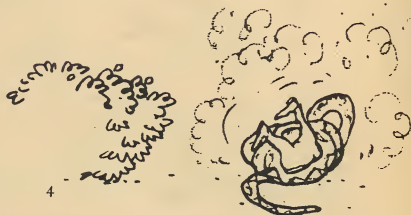


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FOR LAUGHING & OUT LOUD



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JOHN NORMENT, Editor

W. F. MIKSCH, Associate Editor

GEORGE HILTEBEITEL, Art Editor

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"You're pretty fresh for a two year old!"

GAHAN WILSON'S

WONDERFUL... WEIRD WORLD...



"Alright—what's eating you now?"



"I'm sure he thinks he's still a little fellow."



"Maybe this fellow can tell us where we are."

GAHAN WILSON'S

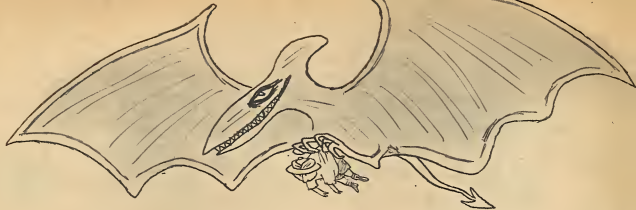
WONDERFUL... EIRD WORLD...

continued



"He's right, Sarge. There's nothing in
the book about picking trees."





"Well, here comes Smollet with another one of his lucky finds."



Gaham Wilson

GAHAN WILSON'S

WONDERFUL WEIRD WORLD

continued



"I wish you'd learn to knock before entering."



"Get Doctor Kichner—and hurry!"

Gahan Wilson



"If I tell you how I do it, it'll only spoil the trick."

THE

failing

FANGS OF

Mr. Desmondus

■ Mr. Desmondus was dreaming an ugly, disquieting dream. In it, he saw three men plod up the hill to his house. The first was a cassocked friar holding aloft a silver cross. The second man wore a smith's apron and hefted a heavy maul. Last came a dwarf carrying a long live-oak stake, sharply pointed.

Now the trio stood over Mr. Desmondus where he lay sleeping. The friar began a chant in Latin while the aproned man raised high his maul. The dwarf placed the live-oak stake point-centered upon Mr. Desmondus' chest. The maul crashed down . . .

THUMP!

Pain! Awful pain! Down came the maul again. And again . . .

THUMP-thump! THUMP-thump! Mr. Desmondus awoke. Awoke with a toothache! A throbbing, thumping, pounding toothache.

Now Mr. Desmondus' teeth were his most highly prized possession. He had always given them the best of care.

But when you're a vampire, you can't always brush after every meal.

Throwing back shroud and slumber robe, Mr. Desmondus sat up on his black catafalque and nursed his aching jaw. In all his 1200 years, Mr. Desmondus had never known toothache, had never, in fact, suffered any human ills. Perhaps he was getting old. After all, 1200 years is regarded, in some circles, as a ripe old age. But no. The Desmoduses of this

world, so long as they stick to a high-plasma diet, enjoy eternal youth. Their insides are as simply constructed as a sump pump with no mortal or moveable parts to wear out.

Then had he been careless? Hardly that. Every twilight before he sallied forth and each dawn when he hurried home ahead of the crowing cock, Mr. Desmondus always brushed his teeth *and* massaged his gums, using only nationally-advertised brands of toothpaste. Recently he had invested in an electric toothbrush. Even his most reluctant victims rarely failed to compliment Mr. Desmondus on the lovely whiteness of his teeth. No, the toothache was just one of those things. Some tiny, un-



"Leave it to you to spot one that's chauffeur driven!"

seen particle of blood bacteria had lodged between his fangs and now decay had set in.

Mr. Desmodus would have to see a dentist. Or starve!

Since he only went abroad by night, it took a bit of phoning before he found a dentist with evening hours. But at last, Mr. Desmodus and his aching incisor were tilted back in the swivel chair of a Dr. Albert E. Agony, D.D.S.

"Open wide," said Dr. Agony.

"Agh, agh," said Mr. Desmodus.

"Now where does it hurt?"

"Here, Doc," said Mr. Desmodus, indicating with a sepulchre-whitened finger. "I'm afraid it's one of my sipping teeth."

"Sipping teeth. Ha, ha! We call these canine teeth. There is no such thing as sipping teeth."

Mr. Desmodus almost smiled at that. Just went to prove how little dentists know. He stopped smiling, however, as Dr. Agony approached with a shiny dentist's mirror.

"If that's silver," cried Mr. Desmodus, "take it away! I can't abide anything silver!"

Dr. Agony, true to his trade, paid no attention. "Open wider," he said, probing in Mr. Desmodus' mouth. Then his brow furrowed. "That's funny," the dentist said, "but I can't see you or your teeth in this mirror. It's almost as if you weren't real!"

"I notice the same thing with mirrors, Doc," said Mr. Desmodus.

"Well, well, what have we here?" murmured Dr. Agony. "Cavities, cavities! Looks like you've been using the wrong toothpaste!"

"But I use only the best!"

"Ah, but have you tried Krust?"

"Krust? Is that a toothpaste?"

"When I was in dental school, sir, half the class tried using their regular toothpastes while our half used Krust. Our side had 42% fewer cavities! However," Dr. Agony went on, "it's too late to do you any good. They'll all have to come out."

"My teeth! Come out? But I can't survive without teeth, Doc! You see, I am a vamp—"

"There, there. We'll make you a set of plates just as pretty—"

"Plates! Falsies! A fat lot of good plates'll do a vamp—"

"Relax and open wide again. We'll



"You mark my words. They'll be moving in next, then heaven help our wives and daughters."

have those aching old teeth out in a jiffy. But first we'll just deaden them with a shot of Novocain."

The needle plunged into Mr. Desmodus' gum, flooding his mouth with a bitter, cotton-puffy but pain-killing numbness. Suddenly, his toothache was gone!

For the first time, Mr. Desmodus could forget his pain and regard the dentist with a gourmand's eye. He so regarded him now. A fine, ruddy-complexioned fellow. Obviously full-blooded. Good veins. Chock full of tasty goodness. Yum, yum, yummy!

"Feeling numb yet?" asked Dr. Agony with impatient cheerfulness.

"Not quite as numb as you're going to feel, Doc," cried Mr. Desmodus, leaping out of the chair and straight at the dentist's jugular.

"Help!" cried Dr. Agony.

"Relax, Doc," soothed Mr. Desmodus. "You won't feel a thing."

Dr. Agony, who had used this line many times himself, had little hope it would turn out true this time. He was right. There is no such thing as a painless vampire.

For Mr. Desmodus, who never had tried dentist before, it was an unexpected and memorable treat. Dinner over, he removed the napkin so thoughtfully provided by Dr. Agony himself, helped himself to several sample tubes of Krust, and flew back to his house on the hill.

Today, Mr. Desmodus has this advice for young vampires: "See your dentists at least twice a year—or as long as the supply lasts."

—P. C. PENDRAGON





SOMETHING *squishy* THIS WAY *crawls*

(A perfectly horrible horror story by Brad Raybury)

● Election night! Click. On go the tv sets. Out there, a hundred million eyes, glass-steady like the ones in taxidermy shops, watching. Watching. And in the network studio squats the Great Electronic Computer, ticking its contempt for all the useless people too bone-stupid to predict an election's outcome themselves. Just 10

seconds after the first returns trickle in, this modern Delphic, this sorcerer's chest names the next President. Then—

Squooosh!

A blob of viscous ooze squeezes out of the computer, wax-drips down the metal hide. Serpent-silent, rumor-swift, the oleaginous mass tooth-

paste-squiggles across the studio, scales a snail-slime track up the wall, and spiders out through an air-conditioning duct.

Who saw?

An assistant professor at MIT thought he saw it.

In New York, an IBM executive blinked at something.

A Kansas housewife couldn't say what she saw but thought of calling up the tv repairman.

Only in Brimstone, Tennessee, did someone see and *know* he saw. Kicking aside his favorite rat, Grandpa Moloch crossed the crypt, snapped off the tv set, then slithered up moss-stoned steps to the kitchen, scattering grave dust as he went.

"They come!" croaked Grandpa Moloch.

Granny Moloch from the iron black kitchen stove turned, away from glowing cherry-red kettle in which she was rendering Fat Cousin Circe into lard. Hairy talons still curled around the big stirring spoon awash with the sick-sour-sweet-smelling gelatin that was once Fat Cousin Circe's overweight problem, Granny regarded her mate with a love whose hot passions had cooled back in the time of Charlemagne.

"Git along, ye old fool," she chided. "Drink yer hemlock and go to bed."

"I see what I see."

"And I tell ye it ain't healthy set-



John
Dampsey



"Well, we've substantiated the fact that they're polygamous."

ting down in the crypt watching them monster shows on tv. It will be the ruination of yer eyes—all five of 'em!"

"They come, I tell you!" Grandpa cackled. "They come!"

"Who come?"

"The Wire Wogs!"

"Wire Wogs!" Clatter clack. Grandpa dropped her spoon.

Deep in her bubbling pot, Fat Cousin Circe—now considerably slimmer—moaned softly. She'd heard, too. Her ears, all gristle from eaves-dropping, hadn't melted yet. Grandpa Moloch absently plucked a death-watch beetle from his watch pocket and squashed it.

He said: "Saw it just now on tv. One filthy, hellborn Wog got loose from its computer! You hear? A Wire Wog is loose! Loose on the land! Goodbye, land!" He thought of his own lovely lush summer acres rife with toadstools and deadly nightshade, and a rock-crystal tear pressed out through the hairy moss in his solitary, evanescent ear.

"The computer—" quavered Grandny, "did it die?"

"Course it died. Won't never predict again, not with its Wog gone. But that's nothing compared to a Wire Wog getting away. Cause it'll head straight for the next nearest computer and let out that Wire Wog, then they'll both go to the next computer and set free another Wog, and pretty soon . . . pretty soon—"

"Paw, hadn't we ought to notify the government or National Guard or some electronics folks like Remington Rand or GE—?"

"What for?" sneered Grandpa. "Fools and boondockers! They'd not believe us. They think they invented automation! They don't know all they built was toy boxes, that it's only them Wire Wogs inside that make 'em work! Imagine—millions of electronic brains, each bellyful-crammed with wires, and them idiot scientists thinking that them little blobs holding the wires ain't nothing but solder! Solder my uncle's hoof! Them blobs

is Wire Wogs with living brains, spawned in the pits of hell. And now they're loose, they'll come—filling seas, burying mountains, smothering us all in a oil-slick silver tide of rotten flux!"

Fat Cousin Circe flubbed out of her pot in a sizzling spray of lard drippings. "Well, I'll not be caught stewing in my own juice when the Wire Wogs come!" she cried. "Where's Little Asmodeus? He eats Wire Wogs."

"That's right," said Grandpa. "Where is Little Asmodeus?"

"Here I be, Grandpa. Up here on the shelf." From over the lip of a Mason fruit jar, peered a triple-headed though somewhat deformed incubus with a cretin-sweet smile on each of his three tiny faces.

"Asmodeus," said Grandpa Moloch, "come down out of that there formaldehyde. There's man's work to do tonight. There'll be Wire Wogs aplenty to eat—zillions of 'em!"

"Ain't hungry, Grandpa, replied

MORE→

SOMETHING *squishy* THIS WAY *crawls*

continued

Asmodeus, with grin unwholesome.

"But we're counting on ye, boy," pleaded Granny. "Ye just gotta eat and eat or we're all goners!"

"Sorry, Granny, but I already gorged myself on newts, pit vipers and hoppy toads so I'm full up to here." Asmodeus indicated the bulging na-

vels on his foreheads. So full was he. "That boy's no help at all," said Fat Cousin Circe. "Never was. Couldn't be more of a curse if I'd had him in wed-lock."

Grandpa Moloch shook his skin-flayed skull. Then sadly thought: that's what's wrong with kids today, won't face up to responsibilities.

"Climb back in your fruit jar, boy," he said. "I'll hold off the Wire Wogs myself." And suddenly felt young again—a thousand centuries young. Hot blood from his vampire years warmed and coursed and bubbled like sap through the rowan tree. Sap. Gore. Elixir. All vital juices. Great stuff! "Ladies into the crypt," he commanded.

Then, alone, he limned a pentagram upon the floor with white cream of tartar, flung a handful of snakeroot up

the chimney, hung a spray of henbane above the door, and sprinkled powdered tana leaves and death camomile over the threshold. Let the Wire Wogs come!

November moon rode high, but already black clouds scudded to meet it, sable horses in the sky goaded by lightning spurs. Grandpa Moloch crouched under the bowl of night, leaned into the storm wind, fangs snapping at unseen terror. He gazed across pale fields and black forests. Heard the clock on the Court House chime. Midnight it was, yet the clock choked off at the stroke of nine. Stilled forever by the Wire Wogs. So near were they!

"Listen, you Wire Wogs," he shouted down the rain-barrel of night. "It wasn't us monsters and freaks and evil ones who enslaved you in those blasted machines! It wasn't us monsters who made you add up sums, dispense Coca-Cola, predict elections, figure payrolls, and punch little holes in electric light bills. It was them lazy humans looking for a way out of work. Go after them, O Wire Wogs, and leave us wicked, inoffensive monsters in peace." And, half-hopeful, waited.

Waited. Waited and listened to a new sound, a far-off sighing. Not wind, for wind was all about him now. But, if not wind, what? Was it the susurrus of serpent bellies slithering and scaling across dead autumn grasses? Or the distant scratch of devil violins? No, nothing so common-place as that, he decided.

So he waited.

And waited—

Then they came, riding the darkness. Wave on wave of Wire Wogs. Oily blobs fused into globs, globs into clots, clots into suppurating coils, coils into fury-curling breakers of hot solder foam piling higher than the moon. Spilling ever onward.

Doggone! Grandpa Moloch's second last thought was that, in this world, the evil must often suffer along with the good.

His last thought was that something washed against his shoe.

Blub.



"I don't like it! I don't like it at all!"



"Do you make house calls?"

Dream





5



6



7



8

BY PHIL INTERLANDI

Interlandi

Dan Rice

America's ALL-TIME Greatest ENTERTAINER

.....



IT IS A SPRING morning in 1870. You are a small boy in a small town on the Mississippi River. Last night, the circus riverboat *Allegheny Mail* steamed into the Wharf bringing Dan Rice's Great Paris Pavilion. The dawn was filled with the sounds of hammering and the rumbling of wagons hauling canvas. Now it is nearly noon, and the dust of Main Street squeezes up warm between your toes as you await the greatest thrill of your life . . .

Hey! Here comes the parade!

Two men in splendid uniforms ride by on horseback carrying flags. A team of 12 dappled horses draw the

bandwagon, its roof crowded with red-faced bandsmen playing *O Susanna* (One day you may hear the world's greatest symphony orchestra but it will sound flat after this). Next come the animal cages, four open dens filled with mean-looking lions, tigers, hyenas, and leopards! Each den has its intrepid trainer on top (Maybe one of them will be eaten alive at this afternoon's performance!). Here come nine genuine medieval knights in armor and six of their ladies (princesses and duchesses, no doubt) all on horseback! And now Excelsior, the wonder horse. And an . . . an *elephant*! (Golly, would you go *Squash* if he ever stepped on you!). At the tail end is a funny clown in a cart, wildly cavorting as he gleefully

shouts, "Whoa, January!" at his balky mule.

Leading this whole fabulous entourage in a shiny black carriage drawn by four snow-white horses is a big man wearing chin whiskers and an Uncle Sam suit. This is the great Dan Rice himself! You have been doubly blessed. Nothing again will ever match the magic of seeing your first circus parade. On top of which you stood close enough to reach out and touch Dan Rice, the greatest clown in the world and the most popular entertainer America has ever seen or probably ever will!

For 30 years, until 1885, Dan Rice dominated not only the circus but the whole American scene. His show business contemporaries willingly acknowledged his genius, considered him the greatest clown (unquestionably he was the highest paid, making \$1,000 a week when such salaries in any business were unheard of). "In popularity Rice was at one time second to no person living in this country," said Barnum Clown Bob Sherwood. "His only rival in the popular esteem was John L. Sullivan." In the election year of 1868, Rice's popularity had reached such a peak that the U. S. came as near as it ever will to having a circus clown for President; there actually was a boom to nominate Dan Rice on the Republican ticket.

His real name was Dan McLaren and he was born in 1823 in New York City, but by the time he was 10 he had left home for Kentucky and was on his way to becoming a top horse jockey under the name of Dan Rice. He was forced-out of racing at 16 when he turned into a strapping six-footer no longer able to make the weights. With what he had learned about gambling from the horseplayers, Dan Rice turned to the rivers—to the Ohio and Mississippi—and became a professional card sharp on the packet boats. After a number of brawls with disgruntled losers and a spectacular knife duel with a prominent gambler, Dan Rice was invited to leave the river and put ashore at Pittsburgh in 1840. With his card winnings, Rice bought himself a livery stable which seemed rather tame after the riverboat life—but not for long.

There was a vacant lot adjoining Rice's stable and one day the Sam Nichols Show pitched its tents there for an extended exhibit. Dan promptly made friends with the circus strongman. The latter, impressed by Dan's brawn, coached him in his art, and soon Rice rid himself of the livery business and joined the Nichols show. He was billed as "Young Hercules," and as his fame as a strongman grew, he began padding out his act with little topical songs and political comments he made up, usually on the spur of the moment. It was this talent that later was to make him America's most eminent celebrity.

Rice rapidly rose to stardom as a strongman. He was the hit of Nathan Howe's Philadelphia Winter Circus, of

continued on page 46

NATIONAL THEATRE!

2 Grand Performances!

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16th.

DAN RICE!

And his great renowned and

COLOSSAL TROUPE

AFTERNOON & NIGHT

THE PRICES FREQUENTLY INCREASED BY

HALF-PAST TWO O'CLOCK P. M.

Will appear in a variety of other acts

FAMILIES AND JUVENILES!

And among other exciting and valuable entertainments, will include a

MONKIANA MELANGE!

By which the show is

EDUCATED GOATS & MONKEYS

Will appear in a variety of other acts

DAN RICE'S HORSE TAMING!

Will be followed, not the procedure in the ordinary of the manage suggested by the audience, of a horseman

UNTAMED STEED.

Presented by the veteran proprietor of the North Sea

COL. WM. H. LITTLE!

And his famous horse taming, which is the basis of the famous

The Great Humorist

Will appear in such circumstances, and

Will appear in such circumstances, and

Will appear in such circumstances, and

Dexterity Feats of Horsemanship!

By the expert Equestrian Coach

Who raised and raised in 1841 a wild colt, and by

Who raised and raised in 1841 a wild colt, and by

Who raised and raised in 1841 a wild colt, and by

Rich, Rare and Unrivalled!

AT TWO O'CLOCK FOR THE FIRST PERFORMANCE AND 7 O'CLOCK, 12

AT TWO O'CLOCK FOR THE SECOND PERFORMANCE AND 7 O'CLOCK, 12

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Box Seats	50 Cents
First Seats	25 Cents
Second Seats	15 Cents
Third Seats	10 Cents
Fourth Seats	5 Cents
Children	2 Cents

Box Seats, First Seats reserved for Ladies.

Box Seats, First Seats reserved for Ladies.

Box Seats, First Seats reserved for Ladies.

MILIE ALICE!

And her famous horse taming, which is the basis of the famous

MILIE AGNES.

And her famous horse taming, which is the basis of the famous

Dr. JAMES TRAYER

And her famous horse taming, which is the basis of the famous

Turn Back the Pages of the Clock

WOULDN'T IT BE exciting to have a recording of the exact moment in time when certain great pioneers decided to try something completely new, and so became immortal? Oh. Well, I think it would be exciting. You don't have to listen, if you don't want to . . .

"Orville, I've got a fantastic idea. You won't believe it."

"What's that, Wilbur?"

"No one's buying our automobile idea, because it's too tame. We ought to jazz it up a little."

"Good idea. Why don't we put some fins on it? Great big ones, that stick out on either side."

"Sure, and slap the fan and fan-belt right up front—*outside!*"

"Wilbur, I think you've hit on something. Now let's take it down to Kitty Hawk, and see how it drives."

* * *

"The American musical theater has gotten stodgy, Dick. It needs a new direction; something revolutionary!"

"Forget it, Oscar. Innovations close out-of-town. Let's stick to the

tried and true."

"Guess you're right. What's the safest formula we could choose?"

"Everybody's nuts about Westerns. They *always* work."

"Check! We'll set it in Texas . . . or maybe Oklahoma . . ."

* * *

"Og, hauling a dinosaur carcass back to the cave on this flat board every month is a drag."

"I know it, Ug, but what can we do? It won't get there by itself. We gotta carry it."

"We ought to invent an easier way to move heavy objects."

"Forget it! There is no easier way. Now kick those round stones out of the way and let's get going."

"Why kick the stones? They're not hurting anything."



"The woman in you wants to marry him, settle down in a little pre-fab job and have kids. See? But the fish in you keeps rejecting the bait."



"Doctor Hassel—I've done it! Aroma X!"

"Are you kidding? Step on one of those and you'll roll half way down the hill! Go ahead: Try it, if you don't believe me."

* * *

"Leonardo, I'm getting tired."

"Shaddup!"

"Besides, this shawl tickles."

"Sit still."

"I can't help it. It tickles."

"Now look what the hell you've made me do! I've painted you with a silly smirk on your face."

* * *

"Hey, Al. I've got a great movie role for you. The Jazz Singer."

"Nuts! I'm no jazz singer. I like to sing those ballads: Mammy, April Showers, that kind of stuff."

"What's the diff? It's just a movie. The audience won't actually hear you sing."

"You're right. In that case, I'll do it."

D. G. LLOYD



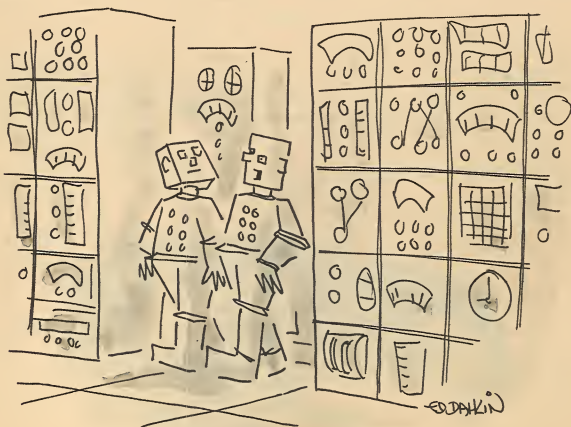
MONSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY

avernus, streets in Brooklyn.
bogy, a kind of carriage.
(see "Hearse").
carrion, to act up.
coffin, hackin' and whoopin'.
corpse, one who rests in
peace, hence Peace Corpse.

crypt, went stealthily.
eerie, a Great Lake.
elves, first name of singer
Presley.
exorcise, to do push-ups.
ghoul, describing tempera-
ture, as in "It's ghoulish in the
tomb tonight."
gnome, a polite though
negative reply to a lady.
goblin, eating very fast and
without manners.
hag, a Cockney's breakfast,
good with 'am.
harry, one of the four Marx
brothers.
haunt, a Cockney nephew's
female relative.
hearse, what pulls a bogy,
as in "hearse and bogy."

mummy, a child's cry in
the night.
necromancy, promiscuous
necking and petting.
seance, a favorite word with
country-western singers, as
in "Seance you went
away-ay . . ."
sorcerer, for under a cup;
also an Unidentified Flying
Object.
specter, a Scotland Yard
man.
stygian, part of an old say-
ing: "A stygian time saves
nine."
terror, a breed of dog.
weird, beginning of a query,
as in "Weird everybody go?"
wraith, flowers for on a
grave.

—T. T. SCHUYLER



"I guess you're too young to remember people."



"Can't you keep him out of here when I'm working?"

THE BALLAD OF JAZZY MAE FRUITICHER

by Paul HODGE.



Down in the valley of the Lonesome Pine
Folks sit around drinking Huckleberry Wine,
Some by the jug and some by the pitcher,
Haunted by the memory of Jazzy Mae Fruiticher.



Jazzy Mae Fruiticher was a big mountain gal
With a pair of steel tonsils and a banjo for a pal,
She'd sing for her supper, sing for her bread;
In spite of all this, she seemed well fed.



She sang all day; she sang all night
With a voice melodious, like a chicken fight;
Folks would cuss and tear their hair
And along with her voice, there was murder in the air!



One night the boys were gathered at the valley store
When a frightenin' figure appeared in the door;
They shivered as they recognized Big Hodd Miller
Cause Hockleberry Wine could make him a killer.



"Who's got a drink?" Big Hodd said
And every man looked as if he was struck dead.
"Trapping goldurn otters," Big Hodd cursed,
"Can leave a man with a powerful thirst."



The silence hung heavy all around the room,
Every man there felt impending doom;
Then Hodd spied Lem's jug and before you could blink
It was as empty as if you'd poured it all down the sink.



"Mighty refreshing," Big Hodd said,
As he broke the jug over poor Lem's head;
And at that very moment the hills started ringin'
With the awful noise of Jazzy Mae's singin'.

MORE →



A strange light came into Big Hodd's eyes,
His whole body seemed to paralyze;
Every man there held his breath to hear
The words that made Big Hodd's eyes tear.



"The Midnight Special is four days late
And I'm a suicide who just can't wait;
I've been lying on these tracks since Tuesday at two—
What in the world can a poor girl do?"



"Ain't that purty?" cried Big Hodd
And to everyone's amazement, he began to sob.
Lem allowed that Jazzy Mae's voice might
Compare to a hootey-owl dying of fright.



Clobbering Lem for his unkind remark,
Big Hodd just up and ran off in the dark.
Love had struck and made the valley richer
For we never heard again
the voice of Jazzy Mae Fruiticher.



One day a strange story came down from the north;
To the city lights, Lem had journeyed forth.
In the streets of New York he meandered up and down
And one night he wandered into the lower part of town.



Suddenly a familiar voice froze him to a stop;
It was coming from out of an Espresso Coffee Shop—
"The Midnight Special is Four Days late . . ."
It was the voice and the song
he remembered with hate!



Lem stuck his head in and saw a cheering crowd,
Big Hodd was picking banjer as Jazzy Mae
howled out loud.
*But I, for one, don't believe a word Lem had to say;
Just imagine paying money to hear them two nuts
sing and play!*



WELCOME TO THE TROPILUX

By MICHAEL BERRY

There is, of course, no such place as Caribe Island, nor is there a Hotel Tropilux there. But the descriptions of both are a factual composite of almost all swinging new luxury hotels in the Caribbean—and any resemblance is purely intentional

CARIBE ISLAND, W.I.

● The Hotel Tropilux, most tropical and most luxurious of all resort hotels in the Caribbean area, has opened its doors to pleasure-bound vacationists from everywhere. The visitor is struck by the splendour of its design which combines an ultra-modern ship's prow profile with

venerable colonnades redolent of the Spanish Main and featuring the inspired filigree effects of Miami Beach Traditional. The architecture is so startling that according to some the hotel was built by two architects who refused to talk to each other. This, of course, is completely un-



Arriving guests find themselves surrounded by posh people—mostly employees of the hotel.



A highly qualified life-guard is on duty—24 hours a day.

true; the architects had words on many occasions.

Each of the 500 rooms is air-conditioned, televisioned and has piped-in surf-sounds, interspersed with entertaining advertising jingles. The rooms themselves are cleverly engineered to save space. They are so compact that a guest is never more than 6 feet from any wall. What an ingenious way to save steps! Walls are waferthin so that none of the gay and amusing conversation in contiguous rooms gets lost.

Single rooms rent for \$50 a day, double-occupancy, Tropilux plan, which means the rate includes a cup of coffee. A second cup can be had for \$2. This includes cream but no sugar which is available at a nominal surcharge.

For those who enjoy tipping opportunities to pursue this hobby are virtually limitless. The entire personnel has been briefed to cooperate and never to refuse a gratuity, no matter how generous.

At the poolside bar a rum drink is \$1.50, no more than the price of a fifth of rum at the package store. In order to stress the charming informality of the hotel all drinks are served in paper cups with advertising printed on them. Another casual note is the poolside lunch counter, a remarkably clever imitation of an original

The boutique's high-style fashions are exclusive with every souvenir shop in town.



American drugstore counter which caused one enthusiastic stool-squatter to exclaim: "It's just great! Everything's like back home: the sloppy ketchup squeeze bottle, the New York talk all around you and the way they throw the hot dog at you—you'd think you're in Times Square, ex-

MORE→

WELCOME TO TROPILUX

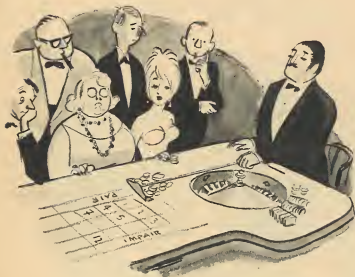


Prices at the hotel may be high, but the casino gives you a chance to win it all back.

continued

cept for the beach and the swimming pool."

The lunch counter is but one of five superb restaurants. There is the Gourmeteria, a smart self-service restaurant that features gourmet dishes from all over the world, like Swedish



For some reason, it is not always the winner who makes the biggest hit.

meatballs, spaghetti and meatballs Italienne, Salisbury steak, chopped beef *à la française* and gourmetburgers with potato salad and gournayonnaise.

A zebra-striped supper club, reminiscent of El Morocco, has been named for its host, The Elmer Rocco.

The Bongo-Bongo is a native eating place specializing in glamorous local dishes like boiled baby alligator with turnip greens. Since some of the waiters are said to be former headhunters it is advisable not to under tip. The headwaiter, a former head-headhunter, will be happy to take your reservation.

Residence at the Tropilux includes free admission to the main dining room, a magnificently appointed temple of *haute cuisine*. The menu, beautifully engraved and three feet tall, lists the most exquisite *amuses-gueule*, the most delicious *tambouille* and the choicest *friandises*. The hotel is now looking for a chef who understands French.

Guests may do all their shopping without stepping out of the hotel. The boutiques in the lobby carry a complete line of high-style clothes and accessories which are exclusive with them and every souvenir shop in town. However, the prices charged at the hotel are far superior, surpassing the competition by 100-200%.

There's never a dull moment for the pampered guest. The social director's slogan is: Activities, activities. Anyone caught reading a book is immediately awakened and gently but firmly persuaded to join the fun. There are steel bands, limbo contests, sack races, egg rolling parties and charity bazaars on the beautifully



Limbo contests, accompanied by steel band music, are a standard event.

kept grounds. Honeymoon couples will appreciate the many romantic nooks overgrown with lush tropical vegetation and watched over by the hotel's peacocks and flamingos.

Naturally, a hotel like the Tropiclux is known as the home of the rich and the famous. In fact it is so well known for its glamorous guests that

plain, ordinary folk save all year to come here for a few days. Often they are disappointed because, instead of the rich and the famous, all they see around themselves are plain, ordinary folk like themselves who came to rub elbows with wealthy celebrities. But at least the sun always shines and the water is safe to drink.



Rooms are streamlined and compact with connecting balconies.

you said it

● Two men met on a street corner. "Do you want to buy my dog?" one asked the other.

"No, I don't," said the other. "Why should I want to buy your dog?"

"Because he's worth a fortune. He does clock imitations."

"Clock imitations! What do you mean?"

"Well, here's an example, Charlie, do your wristwatch imitation for the man."

The dog stuck his head back and went, "Ticktick ticktick ticktick . . ." just like a wristwatch.

"That's pretty good, but is that the only imitation he can do?"

"Of course not, Charlie, do your Big Ben impersonation."

The dog stuck his head back and went, "TICK TICK TICK TICK . . ." just like Big Ben.

"That's amazing!" the man said, and he bought the dog. "You and I are going to make a fortune," he said to the dog later that day. "But first I'm going to teach you a few more imitations." All afternoon he worked with the dog, trying to make him imitate a grandfather's clock, but the dog could not master the new imitation. Disgusted, he returned him to his original owner.

"This dog is an idiot," he told the man. "You asked him to imitate a wristwatch, and he went ticktick ticktick ticktick just like a wristwatch. Then you asked him to imitate Big Ben, and he went TICK TICK TICK TICK just like Big Ben. But, I worked with him all afternoon and couldn't get him to do a grandfather's clock!"

"Of course not," said the man. "YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TICKS!"

● A notorious bookmaker died and left a widow and five policemen without means of support.

● Joe: "A woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Moe: "I say it's her eyes."

Ike: It's unquestionably her teeth."

Mike: "What's the use of sitting here and lying to each other."

● "Just one more glass, bartender."

"Then you'll go home?"

"No, then I'll have overcome my innate shyness and start drinking from the bottle."

● She: "Thanks for the kiss."

He: "The pressure was all mine."

● We know a girl who said she would do anything for a mink coat and now she can't button it.

● Boss: "When I arrived in the United States I didn't have a dime in my pockets, in fact, I didn't even have any pockets to put a dime in."

Employee: "How old were you?"

Boss: "I was born here."

● An army psychiatrist asked an inductee: "Do you ever go out with girls?"

"No," said the inductee.

"Why not?" asked the head-shrinker.

"Because my wife wouldn't like it," replied the young man.



"How's this for timeliness? A radioactive beatnik freedom-rider from an emerging nation, tired of the hard sell, goes into orbit and meets a creature made from polyunsaturated fat . . ."



"It appears to be some unclassified form of fungi."

- "I'm going to give you the maximum punishment," the judge announced to a crestfallen defendant. "I'm not going to put you in our nice jail. I'm going to let you go free and worry about taxes, shortages, rationing, unemployment, politics, war, the high cost of living—just like the rest of us."

- Two big game hunters met in the middle of an African jungle. Stanley: "How do you find it here?"

Herman: "You don't find it—you make a noise and it comes looking for you."

- "May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."
"I'm not experienced."
"You're not home yet, either."

- She has a large repertoire and that tight dress makes it look worse!

- "When water becomes ice," said the professor, "what is the greatest change that takes place?"
"The price, sir."

- "That's a good looking suit, Jack. How much did it cost?"
"A hundred and ten dollars."
"Wow, isn't that a little high?"
"Oh, I don't know, I got fifteen pairs of pants with it."

- "Aw, come on," pleaded the boy. "Just a little goodnight kiss?"
"Sorry but no," said the girl. "Not on our first date."
"Oh," said the boy. "Well then, how about on our last?"



"Once more, Miss Jones."

you said it

continued

● A guy went to see a psychiatrist, and the doctor asked what seemed to be troubling him, and the fellow said, "Nothing, but my family thought I ought to come because I like cotton socks."

The psychiatrist assured him that lots of people didn't like silk or nylon socks. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I like cotton socks myself."

"You do?" asked the guy in great excitement. "How do you like yours—with oil and vinegar, or just a squeeze of lemon?"

● In a taxi:

"Do I take the next turn, Buddy?"

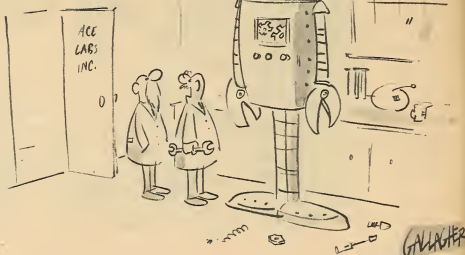
"Hell no! This is my girl."

● "Was Bill drunk last night?"

"I don't know, but he was trying to get his pants off over his head."



"Do me a favor—
no more sick jokes."



"So far, it says 'Mama' and wets."

● "You're not getting seasick, are you, Buddy?"

"No, but I'd sure hate to yawn."

● Shortly after a Vermonter had a telephone installed, a neighbor dropped in and found him immersed in the business of filling out a form from a mail-order catalog. The telephone was ringing persistently, but the old fellow took no heed whatever.

"Alex," the caller ventured, "ain't that your ring?"

"Eh-yah, 'tis."

"Wal, ain'cha goin' to answer it?"

"William," said the man, "I'm busy, an' I had that thing put in for my convenience!"

● "Darling," sighed the enraptured young man, "when I think that tomorrow is your birthday and when I think that a year ago I didn't even know you!"

"Sweetheart," said the girl, "don't let's talk about my past, let's talk about my present."

● Not so long ago, a disheveled lawyer walked into a psychiatrist's office, tore open a cigarette, and stuffed the tobacco up his nose.

"I see you need me," remarked the startled doctor.

"Yeah," agreed the lawyer. "Got a light?"

● Farmer Jones always liked to learn some personal history of the wayfarers he gave free meals.

"You may not think it," a bum told him one day, "but I've seen more prosperous times."

The farmer encouraged him.

"Well," the hobo went on, "I used to manage a laundry once."

"What happened to your laundry?" asked Jones, interested.

The bum got a faraway look in his eye, and haltingly answered, "Oh, she walked out on me."

● "If all the women in the world were taken out of circulation what kind of nation would we have?" "Stag-nation."

● What every young girl knows—it isn't the date that keeps you up late, it's the debriefing your mother gives you when you get home.

● Inventor: "Man, I've got an invention that will sell by the millions. Every kid will want one for Christmas."

Industrialist: "What is it?"

Inventor: "An electric tomahawk."

● An American couple visiting Paris for the first time were sitting at a table in a sidewalk cafe when a pretty model walked by.

Wife: "I wonder who made her dress."

Husband: "I dunno, but I wish they hadn't."

● The owner of an exceedingly amorous and far-roving tom cat finally had it altered.

"I guess your cat stays home nights now?" remarked a friend after hearing about the operation.

"No," said the cat-owner, "he still goes out. But only as a consultant."

● People who cough never go to the doctor. They go to the theaters.

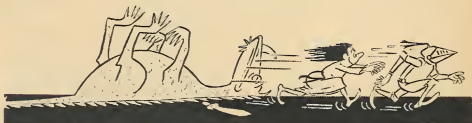
● Don't be hard on the fellow who disagrees with you. After all, even *he* is entitled to his own stupid opinion.

● Her father: "The man who marries my daughter will get a prize."

Her date: "That's nice."

Her father: "Aren't you even interested enough to ask what it is?"

● A famous dog trainer gave a party in honor of his talented St. Bernard. As part of the ensuing entertainment, he asked the dog to paw off a Bach sonata. Halfway through the sonata, the fascinated audience began chattering among themselves. The St. Bernard growled, jumped down off the piano stool and threatened to attack the crowd. "Don't worry," the dog's trainer assured the audience, "his Bach is worse than his bite!"



● Grandma Jones had lived alone in her spinster's cottage for many, many years. She seldom ventured further than the front gate and that was only to get mail. She seemed, however, to enjoy her life of solitude.

"But how do you stand the everlasting silence, Grandma?" asked one of her neighbors one day.

Grandma looked fondly at two kittens that were playing with a ball of twine on the floor. "Oh," she said with a playful gleam in her eye, "when it gets so quiet that I can't stand it any longer, I just kick hell out of one of the cats."

● "What kind of work do you do?"

"I work for the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Don't we all?"

● Scene: Crazy House.

First nut: "Hello, Coach."

Second nut: "I thought you were told not to drink while in training?"

First nut: "What makes you think I've been drinking?"

Second nut: "Because I'm not a Coach, I'm a Pullman."

● One girl: "What's your problem?"

Another girl: "Herman! There's no denying he's a cad but so is his convertible!"

● A New Delhi Hindu died and woke up one morning to find himself reincarnated as a glow-worm. "Uh oh," he sighed. "This is going to be one of those lives."

you said it

continued

● A Maine logging boss slipped on a wet log and fell into deep water. A lumberjack jumped in after him and dragged the boss ashore.

"You had a close call, Boss. Lucky I was there to pull you out."

"Nonsense," shouted the irate boss, "if you had been paying proper attention to your job you wouldn't have seen me fall in."

● A jury under the American system is 12 citizens who could not exert enough influence to be excused.

● "Why are you going to the moon?"

"I'm forgetting women."

"I'm for getting them too, but I don't think you'll find any there."

● Food Fan: "Do you like melon balls?"

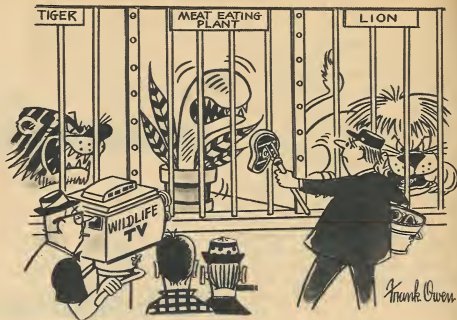
Pool Player: "No, they get the pockets all wet and sticky."

● The supervisor was delighted with the way the painter had decorated his home. "You did a fine job," he said, "and I'm going to give you a little extra. Here's \$10. Take the missus to a show."

That night, the bell rang and the painter stood at the door all dressed up. "What is it," the man asked, "did you forget something?"

"No," said the painter, "I just came to take the missus to a show."

● When a man is twenty and a young lady smiles at him on the street, he looks himself over to see what makes him so attractive. When a man is fifty and a young lady smiles at him, he looks to see what makes him look so ridiculous.



● Judge: "Guilty or not guilty?"
Defendant: "Not guilty."

Judge: "Have you ever been in prison before?"

Defendant: "No, this is the first time I ever stole anything."

● Horace Greeley spoke these famous words— "Go west . . . Go west." He was referring to his pet rabbits who were pretty tired from winning around.

● A doctor was on duty in a state medical bureau in the Blue Ridge Mountains district when a mother entered with a husky, tough-looking son of about sixteen and promptly proceeded to nurse him, to the consternation of the entire staff.

"My dear lady," sputtered a doctor, "that boy is too big to be nursed. You should have weaned him long ago."

"I know," admitted the mother sadly. "But every time I try, he throws rocks at me."

● If you think a girl is cold, remember—so is dynamite until you start foolin' around!

● Who counts ere fractured are the shells of his bipeds gallinaeous is apt to find his calculations utterly fallacious.

● He was regaling the company with tales of his past. "I used to be an acrobat," he said. "I used to do one number where I put a bolo knife between my teeth and did flips all over the stage."

"You turned flips all over the stage with a knife in your teeth?" one of his hearers scoffed. "I don't believe it."

"Oh, you don't, eh?" snapped the man. "I suppose you think I'm smiling."

● The way prices are now, you're lucky if you can make one end meet.

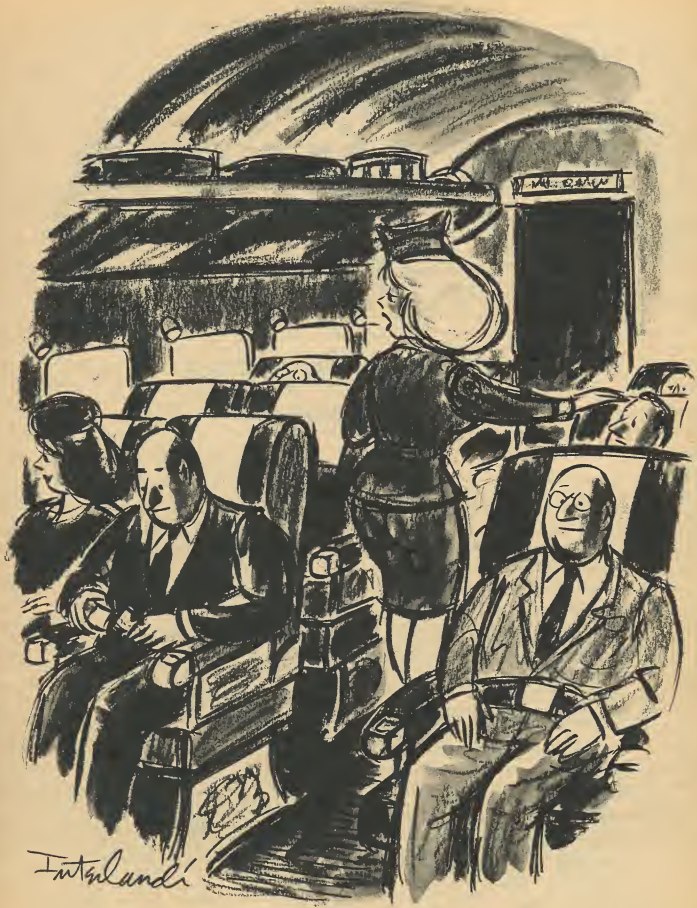
● Outside the toy factory the storm raged furiously. Inside the machines were silent. The enraged owner dashed up to the night foreman.

"Why aren't you turning out our usual quota of toy animals?"

The foreman drew himself up to his full height as he replied, "I wouldn't turn out a dog on a night like this."

● An angry customer summoned a waiter in a new roadside tavern and demanded, "Why do you serve cloudy water in this joint?"

"There's not a thing wrong with that water," insisted the waiter. "The glass is dirty—that's all."



"Fasten seat-belts, please. Fasten seat-belts, please—stop that, you two—fasten seat-belts, please . . ."

* S * T * I * L * L *
MORE

NAMES

*Suitable
for
Name-Dropping*



1. Bera and Birsha
2. Beatrice LaPlante and Kathleen Kirkham
3. Princess Arsinöe
4. Henry Fink and Al Pianadosi
5. Bernadine Flynn
6. Deimos and Phobos
7. Mark Smeaton
8. Kerchak and Tublat
9. Baroness Lehzen
10. Kid and Gibbons
11. Richard H. Stoddard
12. Captain John Cranston
13. Johnny Cushman
14. Art Fisher
15. Mary Chaworth
16. Asa Grey, James Kent, Joseph Story and George Peabody
17. Michael Romanov
18. Jane Lampton
19. J. E. Brandenburger
20. Filmore Hyde
21. Henri Fabre
22. Boabdril El Chico
23. Mary Woolstonecraft Godwin



Here is a list of names compiled to abet name-droppers by giving them still another splendid assemblage of names suitable for name-dropping purposes.

If some of the names are names you forgot to remember, just check the corresponding numbers on page 41.

CAUTION: For obvious reasons, it is not recommended that these names be dropped from the tops of tall buildings, jet planes or the fan-tails of warships. Also, it is suggested that the names be detached from the magazine before dropping. Too frequent dropping can bruise the contents of a magazine.

1. Bera was the king of Sodom and Birsha was the king of Gomorrah at the time those two towns got done in.

2. In the year 1920, Beatrice LaPlante was Hollywood's *smallest* movie star (4 feet, 10 inches tall—weight: 88 pounds). Kathleen Kirkham was Hollywood's *largest* movie star in 1920 (5 feet, 8 inches tall—weight: 150 pounds). In the year 1920, tape measures, when measuring beautiful women, were used *vertically* instead of horizontally.

3. Princess Arsinoë was Cleopatra's kid sister.

4. The composers of that lovely song, "The Curse Of An Aching Heart."

5. Bernadine Flynn played the part of Sade in Paul Rymer's radio serial, "Vic And Sade."

6. The two moons of the planet Mars.

7. Mark Smeaton was accused of being Anne Boleyn's lover. They lost their heads over each other (ouch!) at a mutual beheading.

8. Kerchak and Tublat were members of the same tribe of apes that Tarzan belonged to. Kerchak was Tarzan's predecessor as king. Tublat was the husband of Tarzan's foster mother, Kala.

9. Baroness Lehzen was Queen Victoria's governess.

10. Kid and Gibbons effected the capture of Count Karl Johann Königsmark as he was attempting to flee the shores of England. The Count had instigated the murder of Tom Thynne, Squire of Longleat, by his infamous henchmen, Vratz, John Stern and George Borosky in the year 1682.

11. Richard H. Stoddard was one of Charles F. Browne's (Artemus Ward) literary executors. The other executor was Henry Ward Beecher.

12. Captain John Cranston received the first medical degree given in the United States. The court of Rhode Island, in 1663, presented the degree giving the captain permission to "administer physicke and practice chirurgerie."

13. Johnny Cushman was the character in James Joyce's "Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man" to whom Steven's father, Simon, said, "And thanks be to God, Johnny, we lived so long and did so little harm."

14. Art Fisher was the vaudeville monologist who gave Harpo, Chico, Gummo and Groucho Marx their stage names.

15. Mary Chaworth was cousin to Lord Byron. He proposed to her when he was sixteen years old. She said no.

16. Asa Grey, James Kent, Joseph Story and George Peabody were four of the twenty-nine candidates admitted to the Hall Of Fame in the year 1900.

17. Michael Romanov (1613-1645) established the Romanov dynasty in Russia. They ruled until 1917.

18. Jane Lampton was Mark Twain's mother's maiden name.

19. He invented cellophane in the year 1900.

20. Filmore Hyde wrote "Talk Of The Town" for The New Yorker Magazine in the year 1927.

21. He made the world's first successful sea-plane flight, 1910.

22. Boabdil El Chico (Boabdil *The Unhappy*) was the last Moorish king of Granada. He was only a child when his domain was run over by the King of Castile. King Boabdil wept salty tears when he was taken away from the Alhambra. Who can blame him?

23. Maiden name of the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Mary was author of the novels "Lodore" and "Frankenstein."



Why you are alive!

■ Life is a wonderful thing. But did you ever stop to think of how Nature goes about making living things? A one-celled creature, of course, just divides and there is another living creature. He just says, "This is Tuesday. I think I'll divide." This is not much fun but it works out all right. If you are a one-celled creature you are probably used to it and wouldn't change with anyone.

If you are a fish you lay eggs aimlessly all over the water and wonder what you're up to but Nature takes care of that. She sends a male fish around to look the eggs over and those that look like

good prospects send him into a tizzy. He acts like a middle-aged vice-president at an Atlantic City convention and before you know it the eggs are fertilized, single-handed, and there are thousands of new fish being born. In this union the female and the male fish never see each other and if they did they wouldn't recognize each other because one fish looks just like another even to a fish. Oddly enough, the children of these two fish never know their parents and yet rarely become delinquent or cantankerous. Some fish get a little sad at this. I mean knowing they have kids all over the place

and nobody gives them so much as a box of plankton for Mother's Day or Father's Day. But this is the way Nature decided to treat fish and the Supreme Court has consistently upheld it. (See: Alabama vs. The New York Times.)

When we come to animals we realize if we watch them, that they are somewhat closer to us in reproduction. They do not have drive-in movies or senior proms or visiting hours in the girls' dormitory but it works out fairly well, although some species become extinct because they get tired or forget.

Animals reproduce their own



"Well, this is goodbye, Marsha—it's been fun."

kind because it would be confusing if kangaroos gave birth to giraffes and there they were with long necks sticking out of their pouches. (Animals who have pouches, by the way, are awfully stuck up about it. They feel they have advanced considerably in matters of reproduction. On the other hand, whales, who take hours to get together and displace tons of water, feel something simpler should be worked out. The Bureau of Fisheries is tackling the problem because they don't know whales are mammals like you and me only not as pretty.)

Animals make love pretty much as we do although, as far as the female goes, much more willingly. However, animals have mating seasons during which they hang out signs, (the girls that is), and do a lot of twisting and winking and all that to signify they are in the mood. The season is usually very brief but while it lasts there is a lot going on that we had better just forget about.

As soon as the mating season is over the girls shun the boys and go on to Canasta or nest-building or gossip. If a male approaches a female in the off-season it is likely he will get a kick in the face.

(Some female insects eat their husband immediately after the marriage is consummated. The poor fellows seem to think it's worth it because they have never changed their policy and if anybody is well off today it's the insects. It does limit marital infidelity on the part of the male to an absolute minimum).



When we come to the human species we find that because of a lucky break or a big, generous mistake on Nature's part, the female is always ready to mate. This has given her many advantages such as sports cars, mink stoles, co-op apartments, diamonds and alimony. It has also given the male certain advantages in that he is never at a loss. Well, almost never.

In a certain sense, though, this works a hardship on the world

because, mating, in a loose, colloquial sense, seems to be going on all the time, so much so that you wonder how bankers, brokers, plumbers, editors, authors, fishmongers, Indian chiefs, Fortune Cookie salesmen, and so on ever have the time or the energy to do any work.

It is estimated that if homo sapiens' mating season was confined to three weeks in April he would produce, (for example) fifteen times the amount of food,

alive!

clothing and fireproof bricks he does today. This would be a boon to the underprivileged nations and while Adlai Stevenson is looking into it, it is unlikely that Nature will backtrack.

All of this is very fine but we have still not answered our question as to what is life? Life is the result of certain chemical compounds, basic to our system. They include; bleach, gin and tonic, high octane protein, salt, oregano, traces of various minerals

This combination is self sustaining, produces differentiated cells, (muscle, bone, brain, liver, bacon, etc.), and in most instances can repair and replace itself with no charge for labor or towing.

The answer is DNA. This is an abbreviation for Demothalyn-45-nebaknezzar, bb, 2156, 'Alabamy bound or something like that which need not detain us. When the male and female germs get together there is produced a long, spiral strip on which are printed chemical instructions, monitored by other chemicals. The cells are formed, divide, mul-

tively, subtract and add five per cent for sales tax. Each cell carries with it a fragment of the instructions as to where to go and what to do. Sex is responsible for this genetic construction. In fact sex is responsible for the whole thing and we all should be very grateful indeed. Each sex, (male and female, as if you didn't know!) contributes to the informational strip which is similar to that fed into a computer. (If you never have fed information into a computer you haven't lived!)

If you will look at your liver, for example, (now, while you're thinking of it), you will notice cells dashing about repairing the damage you did at the party last night when you had a few too many Rob Roys. The cells are muttering about how you should take it easy and are calling, by area code, long distance, via the nerves, (which is why you are shaking a little, to get the correct DNA information. It would be ridiculous, for instance, if the cells intending to repair your liver, patched it with rubber or something.

In a few days, thanks to sex and nature, your liver is back in shape and you are thirsty again. The whole thing is marvelous indeed and when we look back and think how we have come from a one-celled creature whose only fun was to divide, through the insect and animal world where they were confined to the mating season, to human beings and their motels, vodka-collines, penthouse apartments and all plus the wise provision of Nature to give us all a continuous round of mating, we can only bow our heads in humility and phone Irma at 739-4216.

—ROBERT FONTAINE



"For heaven's sake don't drink any of his concoctions!"



"... and this is your Great Aunt Lou. She was what we called, in those days, a free thinker."

DAN RICE

continued

P. T. Barnum's New York Museum; for five months he was exhibited in the large cities of Europe. Tasting sweet success, he now wanted a circus of his own. How he went about it and the consequences are typical of the Rice personality.

Marian Murray in *Circus!* (Appleton-Century-Crofts 1956), while conceding along with everyone else that Dan Rice was the greatest performer of all time, pointed up some of his shortcomings: "He was a stubborn, tempestuous man who resented authority, had little business sense, and got himself into financial hot water with distressing frequency."

Anyway, back home in the states, Rice got himself a pig which he named Lord Byron. He worked day and night for two months training the Lord to count and do other simple arithmetic problems. (Pigs can readily be taught to respond to a clicking noise. Gradually the clicking can be reduced in audibility to something like the clicking of a fingernail—a sound the audience won't hear but the pig will, making the illusion of "education" a convincing one.)

When Lord Byron was ready, Rice got together a small show and began a tour of his beloved river towns along the Mississippi. The pig was an overnight sensation. Unhappily, Rice had concen-

trated so hard on developing the squealer into a star that he had neglected to give any thought to the other acts, which were pretty awful. So when Lord Byron swilled too much buttermilk one day and expired, the show folded and Dan Rice lost all his money. Losing all his money was to become a habit with Rice that lasted all his life.

Stranded near Nauvoo, Illinois—stronghold of Mormonism—Rice took the first job he could find which was that of an agent for Mormon prophet Joseph Smith. Two months later, this job literally blew up in a burst of violence which saw Smith and his brother killed, the Mormons trekking west, and Dan Rice legging it out of Nauvoo.

At Galena, in the same state, The Bowers Circus was playing, and Rice made it there. The Bowers Circus didn't need another strongman. But it could use a clown—a trick-riding equestrian comic. Ex-jockey Dan Rice was a natural.

Barnum once said that the clown and the elephant are the pegs on which the circus hangs. No circus ever hung on a more substantial peg than the immortal clown Dan Rice. From equestrian comic he went on to become the most famous Shakespearean clown (burlesquing the Bard went over big in those days). Once

vocal, it was only a step for Rice to introduce the unique brand of humor that was to make him the nation's idol.

In general, there are two basic types of clowns—the Whiteface and the August. The Whiteface is that funny Punchinello fellow in grease paint and a Harlequin suit, usually a pantomimist or acrobat. The August is the grim-faced, red-nosed bladder-swinging buffoon in the ill-fitting pants and oversize shoes whose chief function seems to be to heckle the whiteface; he is, in fact, an anti-clown. Dan Rice fitted into neither category. He was simply a "talking clown." He used no grease paint, dressed in an Uncle Sam outfit, and his act was a complete innovation. Contemporaries described his act as an olio of topical songs, political comment, dancing, crackerbarrel philosophizing, bantering with the audience, and baiting the ringmaster. What this suggests is that Rice may have combined the talents of Bob Hope, Will Rogers, Danny Kaye, with maybe a bit of Georgie Jessel's famed emcee abilities thrown in.

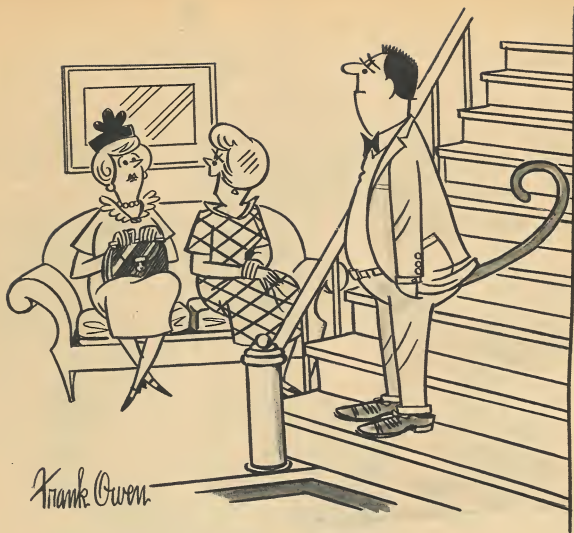
Until Rice came along, no clown in circus history had ever been paid more than \$150 a week. Even the great Gossin only received \$80 and had to help set up the show. Within no time at all, Dan Rice was earning \$1,000 and more a week, got top billing, and always traveled from stand to stand with the full "star treatment" in his own princely carriage, drawn by four white horses.

At various times, Rice was the star of the biggest shows—Spaulding & Rogers, John "Pogey" O'Brien's, Col. Joseph Cushing's Great Show of 40 Wagons, Seth B. Howe's, and the Adam Forepaugh Enterprises. Periodically he broke off these engagements to operate his own circuses up and down the Mississippi—such shows as his Great Paris Pavillion, the Dan Rice Circus & Menagerie, the Dan Rice New Orleans Amphitheater & Museum. For transporting his circuses he bought a number of riverboats, among them the *Allegheny Mail* and the *Will S. Hayes*. In Girard, Pa., he built a permanent winter circus headquarters and an impressive mansion (he was married three times but was rarely home). For awhile he owned the Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia and a floating opera palace on the Mississippi.

Many of these projects netted Rice better than \$125,000 a year, yet every one was short-lived and collapsed in financial disaster. All his life he seasawed between affluence and bankruptcy. His prodigality was legend, and what he didn't spend or simply lose, he gave away. He built any number of churches, planted Civil War monuments as if they were rose bushes,



"Wisdom-wise, I think we're on the right track."



"Courtney would still be serving time in prison if he hadn't volunteered for a medical experiment."

and donated vast sums for the relief of disabled soldiers.

Rice was deeply loved, even by his bitterest rivals. Each time he went broke, there was some friendly competitor ready to put him back on his feet again. Forepaugh, the stingiest and shrewdest entrepreneur in circus history, several times bought circuses and gave them to the bankrupt Rice to run. Poge O'Brien helped him out time and again, and so did small operator Pete Conklin, the clever showman who is credited with inventing "pink lemonade" on the day he emptied into the lemonade vat the water in which bareback rider Fannie Jameson had washed her pink tights.

But by the mid '70's, the great Dan Rice was almost beyond help. He had taken up drinking so seriously that he no longer could be depended on to show up for performances. Both Forepaugh

and O'Brien offered to let Rice name his own salary if he would promise to stay sober, but Rice knew this was a promise he wouldn't keep, and turned them down. Instead he took to the Temperance Circuit where he became a popular lecturer against the Demon Rum. But this didn't last long. Eventually audiences began to question his sincerity when it was found that the water pitcher on his rostrum always contained straight gin.

By 1885, his career as a showman was over. He had made three fortunes and lost them all. As Rice put it, "I even had to borrow carfare to get home."

Tragic ends have been a pattern for many of the greatest circus clowns. Some died in straight-jackets, some from alcoholism, some from a slow and painful poisoning due to an ingredient in face whitening before the days of grease paints. One great clown ended his days

in an insane asylum where he managed to commit suicide by turning backward somersaults against an iron radiator until he fractured his skull. Rice, the greatest clown and entertainer of them all, managed to hold to the sad tradition.

The final fifteen years of his life were lived in sickness and poverty with relations in New Jersey, and at the turn of the century he died at the age of 77, penniless and forgotten—in a dingy New York lodging house.

Thirty years later, another great clown—Bob Sherwood, who had served his apprenticeship under Rice—wrote this epitaph: "The legendary jester who laughed at the hungry day that followed a rainy night as he went whistling up the highways of success, whose wide smile lingered in childhood's memories like some haunting melody from a dear familiar song, had his requiem at the bier of Dan Rice."

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